

The World

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THE ELSBERG BILL—OR WHAT?

Last year the Elsberg Rapid-Transit bill was proposed by the Citizens' Union and defeated by a coalition between Tammany and the Low administration. Mayor Low admitted that some legislation was needed, but said that we ought to take another year to mature a well-considered plan.

The year has passed, the alternative plan has not been matured or apparently even thought about, and the Citizens' Union has brought forward the Elsberg bill again. The Low administration has been eliminated from the situation and Tammany has inherited its responsibilities.

Are Grady and Sullivan going to repeat their obstructive tactics of last year, or will it be recognized that the subject of rapid transit is not one to be trifled with any longer? The Elsberg bill is not to be blocked indefinitely by a policy of silent inaction. Its opponents must offer something in its place, or at least state the objections to it, if any exist. Thus far none have been advanced. None were advanced last year. The measure was denounced as "ill-digested," "crude" and "blundering," but no attempt was made to support these epithets by specifications. Mayor Low proposed an alternative measure, the Bostwick bill, which he was compelled to withdraw under the lash of an indignant public opinion. Has Mayor McClellan any desire to try his hand at preparing an administration measure, or is he willing to unite with those who have been studying our transit needs for years in pushing the Elsberg bill?

SAND FOR ICY STREETS.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals distributed sand-bags yesterday to mitigate the dangers of our skating-rink street pavements, and when these were not to be had drivers levied on the ash-cans on the sidewalks. President Haines, of the S. P. C. A., says he has plenty of sand, which he will give to drivers if they will call for it.

Is not all this rather primitive for the greatest city of the western world? Why is it not as much the business of the municipality to keep its street pavements safe as it is to lay them in the first place? Why should not New York regularly keep on hand a supply of clean, dry sea-sand, with spraying machines for sprinkling it over the asphalt on such days as we have had this week? They do that in Paris—why not here?

CAN AUDIENCES BE TRAINED?

A contemporary, discussing the question of fire drills for theatrical audiences, asks how such assemblages can be trained when they are composed of different people every night. Very easily. Although any given person in an audience may not be in the same theatre again, he will be in some other theatre. Audiences shift, but the theatre-going public remains fairly constant. And if all the theatres trained their spectators to go out by the nearest exits, the people would form the habit and would follow it wherever they happened to be. Women have been trained to take off their hats in theatres—why not to follow the lines of least resistance on leaving, instead of crowding to the points of greatest congestion?

Queer Values.—Do New Yorkers who buy autographs have standards differing from those of the rest of the community, or is it really true that a letter of a prince to an actress would be generally valued here at four times as much as one indorsed by George Washington and nearly four times as much as an important historical document in the handwriting of James Monroe? At an auction on Thursday a characteristic letter by Horace Greeley brought \$250, an autograph manuscript of a great speech by Daniel Webster \$5, and a letter from King Edward, then Prince of Wales, to Mrs. Langtry, \$50. By the way, how did Albert Edward's private notes to the Jersey Lily happen to come on the market?

AMAZING NEWARK.

Can it be that within nine miles of New York there is a spot where cooks can be criticised with impunity for their methods of work in their own kitchens? It seems incredible, and yet the court records of Newark put the fact beyond doubt. A woman of that town objected because her cook wore long trains in the kitchen and washed the dishes with one hand. Most people in this region would be glad enough to get their dishes washed at all. "We didn't want a lady in our kitchen," said the astonishing Newark person.

With becoming spirit the cook retorted that she "had been brought up a lady and proposed to live up to her bringing up." Of course she had. Of course she did. What woman east of the Hackensack Meadows would presume to question her cook's claim to ladyhood? All that is asked in this part of the world is that the lady in the kitchen will kindly do the work for which she condescends to draw a salary. She may do it in a court train and a diamond tiara if that be her royal pleasure.

FOR MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

It was thought remarkable when Charles M. Schwab became the head of the Steel Trust at forty; but what is that compared with the achievement of becoming at thirty-eight the executive director of a body comprising half the white population of the globe? That is what has been done by Cardinal Merry Del Val, the Apostolic Secretary of State, whose portrait in colors, after the painting by Thaddeus, will fill the first page of tomorrow's Sunday World Magazine. The Cardinal's remarkable character and career are described by James Greenman.

Seventeen years ago twenty-one graduates of the academy on the Hudson came to New York. Four of them have succeeded here and seventeen have failed. Twenty-five members of the same class, less ambitious and apparently not as bright, stayed at home. One of these has failed and twenty-five have succeeded. There is a moral in this story, and the Sunday World Magazine tells what it is.

There will be other curious and interesting matters to read about to-morrow. The man who has been in nearly a hundred railroad wrecks, four of them in one day; the immigrant housemaid who married her millionaire employer; the blind Justice of the United States Supreme Court; Mayor McClellan as a pedestrian; the man who won a suit against the Pennsylvania Railroad for two cents; Pat Sheedy as an art connoisseur, and the queer people who go swimming in ice-water are only a few of them.

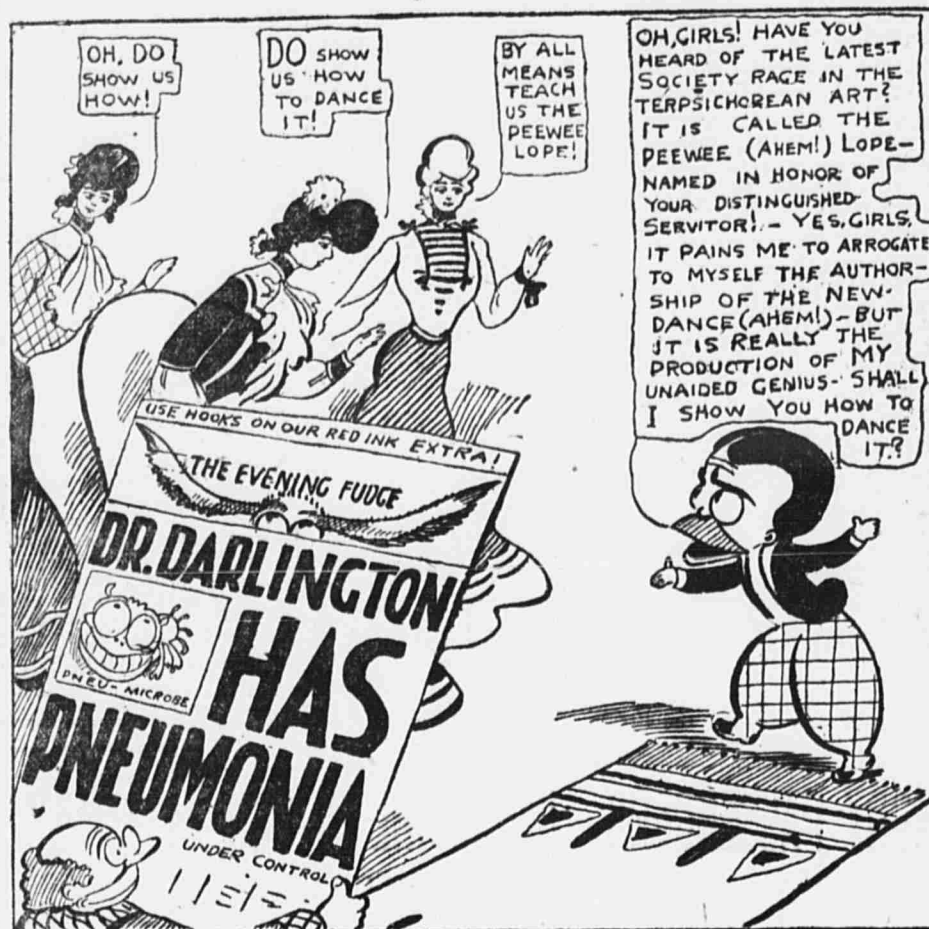
The Great and Only Mr. Peewee.

The Most Important Little Man on Earth.

(Originally Drawn for The Evening World by Cartoonist Ed Flinn January 31, 1903.)

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Mr. Peewee Shows Miss Sixfoot How to Dance the New Peewee Lope.



PEEWEE PRIZE HEAD LINES for To-day, \$1 Paid for Each: No. 1—DOLLY RING, 151 East 43d Street, New York City; No. 2—WM. H. HANNERS, Port Jervis, N. Y.; No. 3—MINNIE HERRMANN, 3 East 118th Street, New York City; No. 4—THOMAS TURULL, 14 East 8th Street, New York City.

The Black Arrow---Robert Louis Stevenson's Best Heart Romance.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Dick Shelton learns that his father was murdered by Sir Daniel Broccoli, who thus claims the boy's estate. Sir Daniel has abductees Joanna Seelye, an heiress. A hunt for iron which Sir Daniel has robbed and placed in a treasure chest, led by one John Duckworth and known as the Black Arrow, with the avowed object of killing the knight. Finding that Dick is the heir to the estate, Sir Daniel plans to kill him. Dick escapes and joins the members of the Black Arrow. Hearing that Sir Daniel has betrothed Joanna to an old nobleman, Dick disguises himself as a monk and gains an interview with Joanna in Sir Daniel's house.

CHAPTER VI.

The Last Arrow.

As they went along Dick told Joanna of the day's events. They neared Holywood, and to their surprise found the great house ablaze with light. Gloucester himself had just arrived from Shroby and was supping with Lord.

Dick, not quite with his good will, was brought before them, Gloucester, sick with fatigue, sat leaning upon one hand his white and terrifying countenance. Lord Foxham was in a place of honor on his left.

"How did it go?" asked Richard. "Have you brought me Sir Daniel's head?"

"My lord duke," replied Dick, stoutly enough, but with a quail at heart, "I have not even the good fortune to return with my command. I have been, so please your grace, well beaten."

"I praise the saints, my lord," said Dick, "he is in this house."

"Is it even so? Well, then, my lord the duke," resumed Lord Foxham, "with your good will, to-morrow before the army march I do propose a marriage. This young squire—"

"Young knight," interrupted Gloucester.

"Say ye so?" cried Lord Foxham.

"I did myself, and for good service, dub him knight," said Gloucester. "He hath twice manfully served me. It is not valor of hands, it is a man's mind of iron that he lacks. He will not rise, Lord Foxham. 'Tis a fellow that will fight indeed bravely in a mêlée, but hath not shrewdness enough nor hardness of heart. Howbeit, if he is to marry, marry him in the name of Mary and be done!"

"Nay, he is a brave lad—I know it," said Lord Foxham. "Content ye, then, Sir Richard. I have compounded this affair and to-morrow ye shall wed."

The next morning Dick was afoot before the sun, and having dressed himself to the best advantage, with the aid of the Lord Foxham's wardrobe and got good reports of Joan, he set forth on foot to walk away his impatience.

His thoughts were both quiet and happy. His brief favor with the duke he could not find it in his heart to mourn; with Joan to wife, and my lord Foxham for a faithful patron, he looked most happily upon the future, and in the past he found but little to regret.

As he thus strolled and pondered, the solemn light of the morning grew more clear. He turned to go home, but even as he turned his eye lighted upon a figure behind a tree.

"Stand!" he cried. "Who goes?"

In his bosom, as if to seize a hidden weapon, steadfastly awaited his approach.

"Well, Dickon," said Sir Daniel, "how is it to be? Do ye make war upon the fallen?"

"I made no war upon your life," replied the lad; "I was your true friend until ye sought for mine, but ye have sought for it greedily."

"Nay—self-defense," replied the knight.

"And now, boy, the news of this battle and the presence of yon crooked devil here in mine own wood have broken me beyond all help. I go to Holywood for sanctuary; thence overseas with what I can carry, and to begin life again in Burgundy or France."

"Ye may not go to Holywood," said Dick.

"Ye doom me," said Sir Daniel gloomily.

"I doom you not," returned Richard.

"If it so please you to set your valor against mine come on; and though I fear it be disloyal to my party I will take the challenge openly and fully, fight you with mine own single strength and call for none to help me. So shall I avenge my father with a perfect conscience."

"Ay," said Sir Daniel, "I have a long sword against my dagger."

"I rely upon Heaven only," answered Dick, ceasing his sword some way behind him on the snow. "Now, if your ill-fate bids you, come; and under the pleasure of the Almighty, I make myself bold to feed your bones to foxes."

"I did but try you, Dickon," returned the knight with an uneasy semblance of a laugh. "I would not spill your blood."

And with these words the knight turned and began to move off under the trees.

Dick watched him with strangely mingled feelings, as he went, swiftly and warily, and ever and again turning a wicked eye upon the lad who had spared him, and whom he still suspected.

There was upon one side of where he went a thicket, strongly marked with green ivy, and even in its winter state, impervious to the eye. Herein, all of a sudden, a bow sounded like a note of music. An arrow flew, and with a great, choked cry of agony and anger, the knight of Tunstall threw up his hands and fell forward in the snow.

Dick bounded to his side and raised him. His face desperately worked; his whole body was shaken by convulsions of spasm.

"Is the arrow black?" he gasped.

"It is black," replied Dick gravely.

And then, before he could add one word, a desperate seizure of pain shook the wounded man from head to foot, so that his body leaped in Dick's supporting arms, and with the extremity of pain, he fell back on his side.

Richard turned and encountered Ellis Duckworth.

"Richard," he said very gravely, "I heard you. Ye took the better part and pardoned; I took the worse, and there lies the clay of mine enemy. Pray for me."

And the wrong him by the hand.

"Sir," said Richard, "I will pray for you, indeed; though how I may prevail I go not. But if ye have so long pursued revenge, and find it now of such a sorry flavor, bethink ye, were it not well to pardon others? Hatch—he is dead, poor fellow! I would have spared a better; and for Sir Daniel, there lies his body. But for the priest, if I might anyway prevail, I would have you let him go."

A flash came into the eyes of Ellis Duckworth.

Black Arrow flesh nevermore—the fellowship is broken. They that still live shall come to their quiet and ripe end, in Heaven's good time, for me and for yourself, go where your better fortune calls you, and think no more of Ellis."

About 9 in the morning Lord Foxham was leading his ward, once more dressed as befit her sex, to the church of Holywood, when Richard Duke of Gloucester, his brow already heavy with cares, crossed their path and paused.

"Is this the maid?" he asked; and when Lord Foxham had replied in the affirmative, "Minion," he added, "hold up your face until I see his favor."

He looked upon her sourly for a little, as they to a brave marriage; as became your face and parentage?"

My lord duke," replied Joanna, "may I please your grace, I had rather wed with Sir Richard."

"Look ye at that, my lord," returned Joanna.

"Look ye at that, my lord," said Gloucester, turning to Lord Foxham.

"Here be a pair for you."

In the church, as Dick waited, attended by a few young men; and there were he and Joan united. When they came forth again, happy and yet serious, into the frosty air and light, the long files of the army were already winding forward up the road; already the Duke of Gloucester's banner was unfolded and began to move from in the abbey in a clump of spears; and behind it, a host of steel-clad knights, all mail-clad and ambitious, hunched forward on their horses, continually moving forth, Dick and Joan on the side by side, hand in hand, and looked, with ever growing affection, in each other's eyes.

Thenceforth the sun and blood of that unruly epoch passed them by. They dwelt apart from alarms and the green forest where their love began.

"Nay," he said, "the devil is still among us. What he at rest, the man—"

The Man Higher Up

The Rich Man's Coachman Is Omniscient.

"SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that the coachmen's Black Hand Society of Chicago is threatening to make public some tabasco stuff about the Four Hundred out there unless the prosecution is dropped on a coachman accused of trying to blackmail one of the leading families."

"It's a four-flush move," asserted the Man Higher Up. "Not that the coachmen haven't got the goods. If the average Chicago coachman could write anything but an order for feed he could dish up a book that would jerk Anthony Comstock out of a sick bed. The money of many of the Chicago society leaders is so new that they can't refrain from being familiar with their servants and letting the coachmen in on little affairs that ought to be kept under cover for the relief of the over-worked divorce courts."

"But the coachmen's organization wouldn't dare cut loose with a line of revelations. In the first place, the newspapers wouldn't print them, because that sort of stuff is dangerous in type; and, in the next place, the graft would be spoiled. If Chicago got a hunch that its private coachmen were snitches for the spread of scandal they would all be out of jobs and the Four Hundred of Porkville would be riding in the street-cars—as many of them do now."

"We haven't got such a long edge on Chicago at that. The private coachmen of New York are walking vaults of scandal. In digging out the inside of rumors with a bad odor they have the private detective agencies beaten to a froth. Many is the coachman who has held up a swell society matron, or maid, or millionaire, and nobody knew anything about it but about 2,000 other coachmen."

"The New York men who drive cabs for the rich have an irregular organization that is closer than the bark on a tree. It is hard for employers who are not on the level to dodge them. If a woman takes a public cab she is likely to hire it close to Fifth avenue, and the man who drives it never rests until he finds out who she is and whom she met. He proceeds to pass this information down the line, and it gets to the coachman of the family. That is why so many coachmen and footmen in New York practically run the households they work in, have fat bank accounts and send their children to boarding schools."

"A gang of coachmen sitting around a table loaded with highballs can take the lids off more magnificent homes than any other class of men. If you don't believe it, find out where they hang out, get next to one or two of them and buy a few drinks. They'll do the rest, and you'll consider yourself lucky that the only carriage you ever rode in was one following a hearse at a funeral."

"If people can't be on the level," announced the Cigar Store Man, "they shouldn't let their servants know about it."

"Of course they shouldn't," answered the Man Higher Up; "but you'll find that nobody can get off the level without letting somebody know about it who is going to squeal or shake down sooner or later."

Cupid's Ticket-of-Leave Man.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

THE most remarkable thing about Cupid's ticket-of-leave man—in other words the lucky convict of matrimony whom death or divorce has released from bondage pending good behavior—is the immediate hankering he discovers for the once irksome slavery and the strange fatality which leads him back to it.

Perhaps from the same compelling instinct that is said to drag the murderer back to the scene of his crime and sometimes prompts him to re-enact its every harrowing detail, the released married man almost inevitably returns to matrimony.

Every woman knows that it is infinitely harder to lure a bachelor into the matrimonial noose than it is to lasso the most festive and experienced widower or divorcee.

In fact, no effort at all is necessary to capture one of these ticket-of-leave men. They go about seeking by whom they may be devoured. They actually want it to happen. Once released from the chains that the years of captivity have lined their faces and furrowed their souls they do not know what to make of their long-wished-for freedom—except to get rid of it. They are utterly miserable until some charitable disposed woman with no visible means of support and no desire to look for any takes pity upon their forlorn condition and agrees to accept a life mortgage on their salaries or bank accounts.

This woman need not be pretty or charming or amiable, though much sought after in a first wife these qualities are altogether superfluous in a second, of whom it is required only that she be willing.

Indeed, men who exercised the most fastidious discrimination in the selection of their first wives, and even then were none too pleased with them, frequently marry for the second time women whom they would not have allowed the partner of their youthful joys and salaries to engage as cooks.

A small number, to be sure, really profit by experience and bring as much judgment to bear upon the choice of a second wife as they do to the purchase of their ties or sticks.

But the great majority plunge into the matrimonial maelstrom a second time quite as blindly as if they had never been there before.

Why They "Turn."

Bright colors assumed by maples, sumacs and ampelepis during the autumn months are the result of the oxidizing of the color compounds, or color generators, of the leaf cells. Long-protracted cool weather is most favorable to the production of autumn tints, and slight frosts that are not severe enough to kill the cells hasten the display of beauty by producing an enzyme that brings forth the bright purple, orange and red. Leaves containing much tannic acid never give bright autumn tints, while those containing sugar give the very prettiest.

\$500 in Prizes :: THE GIRL IN PINK

The New Prize Story Will Begin in Monday's Evening World